Of that ſweet way I was in, to diſpaire:
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes ſlave, ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That power I have, diſcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow
For I have none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exeu.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends, upon this Coaſt.
Nor. The news is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
Yor. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard*: a lacke the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.
Nor. Your Grace miſtakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I this Title out.
Yor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene ſo briefe with him, he would
Have beene ſo briefe with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head; your whole heads length.
Bul. Miſtake not (Vncle) farther than you ſhould.
Yor. Take not (good Coſin) farther than you ſhould,
Leaſt you miſtake, the heavens are ore your head.
Bul. I know it (Vncle) and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Caſtle yeeld?
Per. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.
Bul. Royally? Why, it contaynes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Cleargy man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learne.
Nor. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of Carlile.
Bul. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true fayth of heart to his royall Perſon: hither come
Even at his feete, to lay my armes and power
Provided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be freely granted:
If not, ile uſe th'advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowers of blood
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this plaine
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtels tatter'd Battelments

Our